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THE
MEDITATIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

BY
ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE.

LONDON :
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TO SIR THOMAS COCHRANE,

THIS POEM

is

DEDICATED,

By his affectionate Son,

ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE.

866734

Voi, ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva il core
In sul mio primo giovanile errore,
Quand' era in parte altr'uom da quel ch' i sono ;
Del vario style, in ch' io piango e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze, e 'l vou dolore,
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.

PETRARCH.



MEDITATIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

. Quale te dicet tamen
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ.

ANALYSIS.

THE Poem describes the power of music in awakening early associations—The religious sentiments inspired by strolling amid ruins upon a summer's evening—The miseries attending a cold disposition—and the pleasing though sometimes melancholy feelings experienced by the warm-hearted—The fleeting visions of the youthful lover, student, and soldier—Still the heart should never despair, since the lowest have duties to perform—Much Virtue, and Beauty, and Romance, is to be met with among the humble.

Netley Abbey, its ancient glories and fallen grandeur—Sir Thomas More—Cromwell—The Spirit of Dissent destroyed these ancient foundations which were devoted to Charity.

It was to such shrines love-lost maidens turned for consolation—The miseries resulting from want of Faith in the hearts of others—Women are capable of more feeling than men; and their affections are more deeply rooted.

The difficulty of imagining Death—Joanna of Castile—The tendency we have to waste the feelings in romance amid the miseries of real life—The love of home implanted in the lowest—The patriotic spirit such a principle inspires.

The patriot Spirit of Greece still exists, though two thousand years have passed—How much Art and Science are indebted to Attica—The noble ambition which may be awakened by contemplating the Past.

MEDITATIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

Is it not sweet, when music's melting tone
Falls in soft cadence on the heart alone,
To hear in twilight hour the echoes float,
Of pensive lyre, or clarion's wilder note?
Now with the whispering breeze the murmurs die,
Now gush again in fuller melody ;
Each wooded hill the trembling chords prolong,
Whose bubbling waters mingle with the song ;
Fainter and fainter on the anxious ear
Swells the rich strain, tho' distant ever clear,
Till lightly floating up the winding glen,
Where jutting rocks reflect them back again,

The echoes die ; as when low winds inspire
 The softest cadence of Æolian lyre ;
 Scarce breathe the lips, scarce dares the bosom swell,
 For now the lowest sigh would break the spell ;
 Still hopes the heart to catch one murmur more,
 Yet hopes in vain ; the sounds have died before.

Oh sweet indeed, for, as the notes float by,
 Remembrance brings the tear-drops to the eye,
 Calls forth each vision of our early youth
 By fancy coloured, and enshrined in truth ;
 On such an eve we caught love's faltering tone,
 And pressed her hand, which trembled in our own ;
 Silent have wandered in such stilly hour,
 Till the heart drank delirium from each flower :
 Have hung enraptured o'er the faultless form
 Which Fancy draws—as wishing, and as warm.*
 So the fond heart can live its hours again,
 When memory lingers o'er the dying strain,

* I am indebted for this last line to Lord Strangford's graceful and beautiful translation of Camoens.

And every echo has the power to chase
Sighs from the heart, and sorrow from each trace.

Thus did the maid of Lesbos' rocky shore*
Strike the deep chords when PHAON smiled no more,
Caught inspiration from the murmuring grove,
And taught yet unborn damsels how to love.
Music's soft strain could soothingly impart
Sweet recollections to her shattered heart,
The harp and lute bestowed some moments' peace,
And SAPPHO'S name was sanctified to Greece.

Oh give to me the calm sequester'd shade,
The moss-grown seat, the undulating glade,
Where forest firs and spreading chesnuts shed
Their pencilled shadows o'er the turfy bed ;
Where from each branch the clustering lichens train
Their blooming burden to the sparkling main ;

. . . *Æoliis fidibus querentem*
Sappho puellis de popularibus.—HOR.

Light o'er that main the murmuring zephyrs float,
 And gently waft each home-returning boat.
 Deep in the unbroken sheet of purest blue,
 Each shadow sweetly rivals nature's hue,
 While darker still in majesty sublime,
 The ivy'd turrets triumph over time.
 Ill can the flowing rhyme express the soul,
 The godlike stamp of nature's perfect whole,
 When each successive gleam that sunbeams cast,
 Would seem to vie and rival with the past.
 But slowly sinking in the distant west,
 The gleams of sunset seek their golden rest,
 Each pale star glimmers thro' the soft twilight,
 And all is beautiful, tho' all is night.

Is it not sweet when evening's shadows fall
 O'er sculptured pediment and bannered hall;
 Does not the heart repose with fond delight
 On broken columns, and on ruined site—
 Does not the shattered cloister oft appear
 In charms expanding with the passing year?

It is because Romance adorns the tower,
 Lingers o'er mossgrown stone and withered bower ;
 'Tis there that wandering MEDITATION lights,
 Folds its dark wings, and stays its giddy flights.

'Tis in such spot that Poetry abides,
 Smiles on the grassy meads and rippling tides ;
 Dwells 'mid the broken arch and ruin'd wall,
 And treads enraptured in deserted hall ;
 Where Netley's turrets overhang the bay,
 And tower a beacon to the seaman's way.
 Amid its ruin'd shrines I've trod by night ;
 The moon had risen, and her chasten'd light
 Rent the dark mantle from the time-worn site.
 Alone—in solitude—in such a spot—
 How we recal each scene long since forgot !
 Strange is the feeling which absorbs the soul,
 When soft reflection casts aside control ;
 Its inward mystic workings scarce appear,
 Save in the bursting sigh or fleeting tear.

Each shrub, each aged oak, the smallest flower,
 Recals some favourite scene, some happy hour ;
 The copse where careless Infancy has stray'd—
 The classic grove, the cloister's pensive shade ;
 The Past is borne upon the murmuring breeze,
 Or wandering Fancy to the Future flees.
 Religion breathes around ! Who lingers here,
 Feels that her still small voice will meet his ear.
 'Tis here her silver lamp, by day and night,
 Sheds o'er the ruin'd shrine a hallow'd light—
 'Tis 'mid such scenes her bright and sacred ray
 Pierces the soul, and guides the wanderer's way.

Oh ! yes. Religion is not always found
 In hallow'd shrine and consecrated ground.
 He who has worshipp'd Nature unconfined,
 Courted the breeze, and braved the howling wind :
 He who has view'd the weather-beaten shore,
 Plough'd the dark waves, and heard the breakers roar ;
 Has wander'd musing on the mountain steep,
 And heard the wild winds whistle o'er the deep—

Amid the pathless woods and tangled grove,
 Alike in calm and tempest, loved to rove ;
 Apart from man, has lived as Nature's child,
 Free as the soaring eagle, and as wild ;—
 To such, Religion breathes in earth and sky—
 Time, Nature, Clime—all speak a Deity.

Yet are there many, of the Stoic school,
 Who live, who move, who think, who breathe by rule ;
 Their cheeks are never wet for others' woes,
 Their fount of feeling never overflows ;
 For them in vain sweet Nature opes her lore,
 With lavish bounty spreads her varied store !
 For them in vain the bard attunes his lyre,
 Strikes the deep chord, and lights Orphean fire :*
 Nature they view with idle, vacant gaze—
 List to the bard they deem unworthy praise :
 Or if, perchance, one scene more sweetly bright,
 Lit by the sparkling watchfires of the night—

* That heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never knows a pain.—LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

Or Memory, floated on the flowing rhymes,
 Recals some record of forgotten times,—
 Then for a moment happier thoughts return,
 And Memory lights the shrine where feelings burn.
 Alas ! self-love will quench the flitting flame,
 Few are the tears which others woes can claim.
 Oh ! let them pass, and, robed in nothingness,
 Sleep on the sleep of dull forgetfulness ;
 For the same cloud that dimm'd Affection's sight
 Shall shroud their sepulchres in endless night.

Yet are there happier bosoms that will bring
 To Feeling's shrine full many an offering—
 Whose swelling heart is open to the sigh
 Of pensive Woe, or hapless Misery—
 To whom Affection is not all a name,
 Whose spirits flutter at the thought of fame—
 Who look on Ocean with a poet's eye,
 Gaze on its waves in silent ecstasy,
 Peruse with ardour the historic page,
 And in one life can live through many an age ;

Can weep o'er SYDNEY'S* fate—his early doom,
And pensive sigh o'er STRAFFORD'S bloody tomb.¹

To such, in truth, this world may oft appear
A tale of woe—a fount of many a tear ;
And they may turn with melancholy gaze
To Life's young dawn—the light of other days ;
And they may weep to think that joys have fled,
That many a spirit's broken—friends are dead ;
Yet, as they weep, Hope's angel hovering near
Softens the soul, and sanctifies the tear ;
And the warm heart, by every sorrow prest,
Smiles through its tears, and feels serenely blest.

Truly such spirits view the Heavens alone
Not as earth's canopy, but Jehovah's throne ;
They worship Nature on the rocky shore,
And hear the voice of Heaven in Ocean's roar ;
See it presiding in the billow's stir,
Each bursting volume seems its minister ;

* The gallant Sir Philip Sydney, who perished at Zutphen, not t
arch- traitor of Charles the Second's reign.

To them the Ruler of the Present, Past,
Speaks in the winds, and rides upon the blast.

There are some sunny spots in early years,
Before the sky of Hope is dimmed by tears,
When the young spirit, struggling to be free,
Blithe as the wild bird in its native glee,
Pants to explore the future's misty plain,
Laughing at fears, and doubting every pain ;
Nor deems life's roseate hue, and Hope's sweet glow,
Transient as sunbeams cast on driven snow.
For buoyant youth will spread the flowing sail,
Nor fears the breeze will freshen to the gale ;
Love steers the course o'er passion's fretful bar,
And the swift prow is turned to glory's star.

Who has not known, in boyhood's early dream,
Friendship's sweet glow, and glory's sunny gleam ;
Caught inspiration from the silent grove,
And built some airy fabric for his love ;

While yet the tear-drops sparkled in his eye,
 As sorrow's tale awakened sympathy,
 Despising every sordid thought of self,
 Ere happiness was centred all in self.

Who has not known while yet his hopes were young,
 And Love's first murmurs faltered on the tongue,
 While Fear and Hope were links in passion's chain,
 And pensive beauty never wept in vain ;
 While yet unskilled, he dared not understand
 The shrinking pressure of the trembling hand ;
 Who has not loved each sympathy to wind
 Round some creation of the budding mind ;
 Endowed each matchless grace with purest soul,
 And cast a veil of mystery o'er the whole.
 Ne'er did that lamp which owned Aladdin's power,
 Call forth such charms as youthful hopes embower,
 For oft in midnight dream such heart can trace
 Each sweet expression of that well-loved face,
 And picturing one who breathes for him alone,
 Drink all her tears, and catch each silvery tone ;

Feel that, for him, love murmurs in her sighs,
 Glows on the brow, and sparkles in the eyes ;
 Her dark locks float upon his moistened brow,
 Oh flee him not, sure fancy mocks not now.
 Alas ! the shadowy form eludes his arm,
 *And morning's twilight breaks the visioned charm.

See o'er his page the young enthusiast pore,
 And drain consumption from the vein of lore ;
 The fitful lamp reflects the haggard smile,
 As some new triumph lures him on the while :
 His furrowed brow and drooping eyelids scan
 Schemes boundless as the eternity of man.
 Delusive hope, tho' science gleam afar,
 The brightness hides the distance of the star ;
 Now thro' the casement, o'er his pallid cheek,
 The beams of morning cast a livid streak,
 Still undeceived he seeks a feverish bed,
 And visioned glory hovers round his head.

* Ainsi fait la jeunesse ; elle cherche toujours à se donner des espérances
 plutôt que s'assurer le succès.—TIMERS.

The chivalrous boy, who owns a manly heart,
 Girds the tin sword, and apes the warrior's part,
 Shoulders the mimic gun, and walks around
 Where sand-traced lines denote the fortified ground.
 But time rolls on, and soon he spells the pages
 Of belted knights, and the heroic ages ;
 Reads that near Sessia's stream a BAYARD fell
 Of Spanish might, and Pavia's citadel,
 Of GASTON'S fate, and FRANCIS' noble grief ;⁽²⁾
 How gallant MUIRON died to save his chief ;
 How RALEIGH sought the realms of molten gold ;
 Of GRANBY'S might, and VILLIERS' grace of old.
 Battle's his theme, each field of glory his,
 From Assaye's plain to sun of Austerlitz ;
 But happiest far to read of battles won
 By our own chief—immortal WELLINGTON.
 Mine be the fate, his heart will often cry,
 To live like ESSEX, or like SYDNEY die.⁽³⁾
 Anon he dreams of plumes and martial coat,
 Low on his slumbers melts the bugle note,
 While wrapp'd in warrior's cloak he spends the night
 His steel-bound helm reflects the watchfires' light.

This dream fades by : then peals the rolling drum,
 " Soldiers, awake, the day of glory's come !
 The breach is made, what British soldiers can,
 I need not say ; but who will lead the van ?"
 " Mine be that post," he says ; but with the sound
 Of his own voice, the warlike spells unwound ;
 His bed's the battle-field, no watchfires blaze,
 But smouldering ashes meet his anxious gaze.
 Thus night by night, he dreams of wounds and scars,
 Then dies a captain in the tenth Hussars.

Yes, we may smile ; but let not knowledge chide
 The airy visions of a heart untried ;
 Nor yet, because our souls are worn with strife,
 Teach others all the bitterness of life.
 Too soon the youthful bosom shall confess
 Those bursting sighs which courage would repress ;
 Long shall Love wander over Hope's bright wave,
 And War and Science find an early grave.
 Still be it so, tho' youth's warm hues must fade,
 And cypress mingle with the myrtle shade ;

Tell not the student, " Cast away your reed ;*
 Each hope is vain, and never can succeed ;
 Ill fares that man who places all his trust
 In ivy chaplet, or in marble bust."
 No ! bid him hope, and when his light burns low,
 By some kind word rekindle all its glow.
 And when he talks of science's early grave,
 That he must perish ere the wild flowers wave,
 And still unknown, upon his rough-hewn bier,
 No heart will shed the tributary tear.
 Tell him the noblest spirits pass away,
 Their glory brightening as their powers decay,
 That hope still flutters in the latest breath,
 TASSO was crowned upon the bed of death. (+)

Still is all lost, because the heart doth soar
 On waxen wing, like DÆDALUS of yore ?

* Frange miser calamos, vigilataque prœlia dele
 Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
 Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macra.—JUV.

Is love a jest, and glory but a name,
 Shall clouds of care obscure all hope of fame ?
 Have nobler thoughts, for none so lowly here
 But play some part in nature's varying sphere.
 Light is the clay that binds the castle wall,
 Remove it, and the massy pile will fall.
 The heart must ever point to honour's pole,
 Tho' few the barks that ever reach the goal ;
 And proud it is to view the flowing sail,
 E'en tho' the mast must shiver in the gale ;
 Truth, Friendship, Love, may fade like morning dew ;
 All is not lost, if man's own heart be true.

A summer's eve, when nature's smile doth fling
 Starbeams of light o'er mead and mountain spring,
 On grassy turf, and monumental stone,
 Some withered leaves fall silently, and lone ;
 The distant mountains, never lost to view,
 Wave in dim outline, veiled by azure hue ;
 Light are the shadows which the branches throw,
 As their long arms are rustling to and fro

Before the mullioned arch, where quivering lies
 The moonshine streaming from the spangled skies.
 Now by the purling brook, and hawthorn way,
 Some young enthusiast seeks the placid bay ;
 One wide expanse of waters meets his sight,
 Bearing within its breast a golden light ;
 O'er wave and rock one mellowed hue is shed,
 Chastening the tints of ocean's dimpling bed :
 No bubble breaks the mirror-like expanse,
 No bark destroys the magic of its trance,
 One tiny vessel near the fisher's cave
 Floats with the tide, and rides upon the wave.
 If on the calm, unbroken solitude,
 The ship-boy's distant whistle should intrude,
 'Tis but upon his little deck reclining,
 He thinks on happier fates without repining ;
 Perchance he lingers o'er the vale of years,
 Ponders on early joys, on early fears ;
 Or smiling Hope in fairy dreams may bind
 The glowing fancies of his wandering mind :
 If, for a moment's span, he mourns his fate,
 His lowly pittance, and his humble state,

'Tis but a moment—for the flickering light
 Of the rude cottage meets his anxious sight :—
 “ Why should I leave my home, my own fireside,
 For scenes unknown, for destinies untried ?
 Why should I leave a parent's, sister's love,
 'Mid other realms, far different climes to rove !
 True, when I die, no marbled slab may tell
 A hero perish'd, or a warrior fell ;
 No nation may deplore my bitter doom,
 Weep o'er my fate, or beautify my tomb.
 Ah ! no. But yet a mother's tear will flow,
 And sobs will testify a sister's woe ;
 I shall be buried in a lonely grave,
 But by the margin of the billowy wave !
 For I have loved the ocean's foaming side,
 To breast its billows was my early pride ;
 And I have climb'd the mast, deprived of fear,
 When helmsman's eye retain'd the craven tear ;
 On ocean's wave my bark has oft been borne
 From morn to even, and from eve to morn :
 And I have heard that when this clay's at rest,
 The spirit takes the shape it loveth best.

So when the sand receives this passing form,
 I'll woo the breeze, and nestle in the storm;
 In billowy shape wash my beloved shore,
 Buoy up my little bark, and lave my cottage door."

Go, go! Despise, ye proud ones; think that you
 Alone are virtuous, principled, and true!
 Because the poor man knows not History's page,
 Think you he wants the spirit of his age?
 Proud fool! I tell you, in the poor man's breast
 The truest, noblest feelings often rest.
 He has not drunk from Education's well,
 Or learnt how CÆSAR fought, how CÆSAR fell;
 He does not know LYCURGUS gave his laws,
 Or reads the chronicle of Sparta's wars;
 But yet he bears within a flow of soul,
 Which, if occasion calls, will burst control.
 Born in a hut, and pillow'd on a sod,
 That man would die for Country, King, and God.

Dear are our village annals, dear each scene
 Of rustic sports, the maypole on the green,
 The village spire, that towers above the trees,
 The hum of voices floating on the breeze ;
 Here, when the shades of evening spread their veil
 O'er brushwood copse and undulating dale,
 The happy housewife seeks her cottage door,
 And careless rustics whistle o'er the moor.
 See with what glistening eye the parents quaff
 The child's first carol, or the jocund laugh ;
 Now round the fire the happy circles throng,
 Some ply the wheel, while others hum the song ;
 To poorer friends they grant the humble food,
 And feel that greatest bliss is doing good.
 The supper done, the eldest child is taught
 To honour those above him as he ought ;
 To glory justly in a Briton's name,
 And prize each privilege such birth can claim :
 That justice sheds her equal smile around,
 That slavery drops her chains on British ground.*

* O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nórint,
 Agrícolas ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
 Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.—VIRGIL.

For ye to whom romance is veiled in mist,
 Who move at will, and wander where ye list ;
 Who waste your feelings on fictitious woes,
 And call unmanly languor sweet repose ;
 Who think ye feel, because your hearts will turn,
 To PETRARCH weeping over LAURA's urn ;
 Or your untutored passions wildly rove
 *To sweet FRANCESCA's tale of mournful love ;
 Oh may ye learn that in this favoured land
 Virtue and Peace oft wander hand in hand ;
 That wedded love, albeit poor, can glide
 In happy innocence down life's dark tide.
 Deem not that Passion favours but a few,
 That Hope and Beauty only rest with you ;
 No, much romance and classic lore can dwell
 In lonely glen and wild sequestered cell ;
 And every breast, however lowly, sighs
 For kindred hearts and soothing sympathies ;
 And few the tales of fashion which compare
 With the sad loves of ROSAMUND and CLARE.⁽⁵⁾

* . . Francesca i tuoi martiri

A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.—DANTE.

Ruin of Ages ! crumbling shatter'd walls,
 Fall'n are thy aisles, deserted are thy halls ;
 Here where the cloister woo'd the pensive thought,
 And fretted shrines by glowing fancy wrought ;
 The dull rank weed, the grassy mead is spread,
 And nettles grow where monarchs used to tread.
 Emblem of times departed ! Here thy fane
 Echo'd the chaunt, responded to the strain ;
 The corniced ceiling, and the pencill'd line,
 The flowing tracery, and the corbell'd shrine.
 These beauties sprung beneath the sculptor's hand,
 And marble breathed at HENRY's command : (6)
 How is thy grandeur fall'n ! the passing year,
 The wintery blast, and Autumn's yellow sear :
 Have mourn'd thy ruin, ivy-crowned pile,
 Too early courted by the bigot smile.
 Oh ! were there none to stay the tyrant's hand,
 To quench the flame of Superstition's brand !
 What, though a senseless worship flourish'd there !
 No pure Religion sanctified the air,
 What, if dark Superstition rear'd the pile !
 Breathed in its courts, and trod its marbled aisle !

Methinks the Superstition that could toil
 To crush the structure, and to grasp the spoil,
 That with Religion's engine waged a war,
 Now thundering near, now flashing from afar,
 When subtle Craft, combined with frenzied Zeal,
 Worshipp'd a God, but stained the glistening steel,
 When havoc spread her banner o'er the flood,
 And every river flowed with civic blood,*
 Methinks such Superstition grosser far
 Than that which glimmered in the morning star
 Of purer worship, for it rear'd a fane
 Which latter ages crush'd for paltry gain ;
 And many a stone from many a sacred wall
 Supports a banner'd dome, or princely hall !

CROMWELL ! in vain the records of thy times (†)
 Would speak thy fame, or sanctify thy crimes ;
 In vain false names to dastard acts are given,
 No light which led thee on was light from Heaven.

* Qui gurgēs, aut quæ flumina lugubris
 Ignara belli ?—HOR.

Such fame is thine as his who sought a tomb.⁽³⁾
 And lit the pile which shone upon his doom.
 And thou, our land's Erostratus, for fame,
 To dastard spoils, bequeath'd a dastard name.
 Learn that the noble mind disdains to lend
 Itself to baseness for a worthy end ;
 Oh ! eagle-wing'd it rises o'er the clouds
 Of grovelling faction, born of fickle crowds.
 In soaring might it stems the wildest wind
 Of feelings, howling round the abject mind :
 True, as it soars, its energies may fail,
 But oh ! the soul, the soul should never quail.
 Ay, the base hand which aims th' unerring dart
 May seek, may strike, may wound the noblest heart ;
 But as it breathes its last and deepest sigh,
 Dost think no Zephyr wafts it to the sky ?
 No guardian Angel hovers o'er the head,
 And sheds a hallow'd influence o'er the dead ?

As the lost seaman seeks with anxious gaze
 To pierce the clouds, and penetrate the haze,

While the horizon's dark and dreary bound
 Curtains the shore, and hides the wish'd-for ground ;
 In silent rapture views the Northern Star
 Kindle its light and shed its beam afar,
 Feels that his griefs are past, and guides his bark
 By one alone—but yet how clear a spark !
 Oh ! so we turn from that all-dreary hour,
 When men degrading manhood bowed to power ;
 When men dishonour'd, destitute of shame,
 Woo'd Virtue but to prostitute her name.
 One only star beam'd on our northern shore,
 But oh ! how bright its beam—that star was MORE.⁽¹⁾

Hark ! heard ye not that deep, that anguished cry
 Borne on the breeze, and wafted to the sky ?
 It is a country's wail, a nation's cry—
 * * * The deed is done,
 The earth has pass'd away, the prize is won—
 We'll weep in silence. * *

Ah! then the strained chord, the silver token
 Of Mercy, Truth, Humanity, was broken ;
 The golden bowl lay shatter'd on the ground,
 And murder work'd its will when Henry frown'd.
 Sweet MORE! thy virtue's blossom's early bloom
 Clung to the soil that rear'd thee to thy doom.
 Ah! little deems the bud which woos the bower,
 And opes its leaves to catch each sunny shower,
 How each small drop of dew which flowery spring
 Appears o'er bud and leaf a charm to fling,
 And all the beauties by the summer cast,
 Lead but to Autumn's blight and Winter's blast.
 Go, Palinurus of a distant age⁽¹⁰⁾
 Thy name is chronicled on Parian page,
 Amid the yells of fiends, the shouts of hate,
 Thy only sigh was for thy country's fate.
 Go; let the sibyl's oracle be thine,
 For tears shall flow, affection's altar shine ;
 The aged sire shall tell his darling son
 How Virtue triumph'd, how the prize was won ;
 Show him how tyrant's will and murderous hand
 Laid in the dust the noblest of the land ;

How every clime, and every distant shore,
Wept o'er a brother's fate—o'er martyr'd MORE.

Thus have the mighty fallen, the chain was riven,
Dissenting man arose the judge of Heaven;
Thro' every maze of sophistry he trod,
And blood-stained hands invoked the living God.
Dark are the deeds that dim our history's page,
But first in cause the spirit of this age:
For this the sainted monarch's blood was shed,
And livid Anarchy upreared her head;
For this on Newbury's plain a FALKLAND fell,
And war-notes echoed thro' each peaceful dell;
For this a nation's anguished cry was heard,
Rising to heaven with the martyr'd LAUD.

Oh sweet it is to hear the organ's swell,
Sweet are the chimings of the Sabbath bell,
Sweet the confiding heart, and holy smile,
Sweet the soft ray that gilds the chancelled aisle,

Sweet sculpture's grace, and every sister art,
 Which raise, subdue, and beautify the heart ;
 Sweet are these graceful shrines which man has wrought,
 For heaven's grace inspired the holy thought.
 How many a way-worn traveller in life
 Has here sought refuge from the clash of strife,
 And holy men and love-lost maids have found
 Peace and repose, on consecrated ground.

Such was the spot to which the maid of old
 Fled from the storms of Fate when Love grew cold ;
 Her heart's first love when young Affection's beam
 Lit Life's dull scene—a transitory gleam ;
 She had not learned to calculate each thought,—
 Her senses, feelings, love, were all untaught.
 She was not skill'd to smooth the passion'd cheek,
 Glaze the soft eye, so eloquently meek.
 Nature her guardian, how could she conceal
 What brow, cheek, eye, were destin'd to reveal ?
 Warm were her tears of Love ; for tears can flow
 From the excess of Joy, as well as Woe.

Alas! a change appear'd—fair Joy was shrouded
 In the dull garb of fate—Hope's sun was clouded.
 She was alone! And oh! how deep a sigh
 Burst her warm heart, beating responsively.
 At times her all of sorrow filled her soul,
 And Passion, Feeling, cast aside control.
 When Consolation strove to win her ear,
 She shunned the friend to shed the secret tear:
 For there are moments when Compassion's flow
 Would vainly soothe the smart of real woe.
 Friendship to her was mockery, and she hurl'd
 Its sweetest gifts aside, to flee the world.

So the sea-bird, when glassy ripples lave
 Its snowy plumage, buoyant on the wave,
 Soars from the mirror sea, which woos to rest,
 And towers aloft to some secluded nest;
 And, as its wings expanding guide its way,
 The crystal waters drop in showery spray;
 Yet these same drops had borne her o'er the tide,
 Pillow'd her form, and nestled to her side:

But wild, ungrateful, from the placid main
 She wings her flight, and ploughs the cloudy plain—
 Breasts the wild blast, which curbs her rapid way,
 Shaking from every plume the sparkling spray.

Love is a plant by jealous Fancy sown,
 Which is most delicate when fullest blown,
 The bud waves gaily when the zephyrs sigh,
 But once expanded, then the leaves will die.
 The harp full strung awakes the richest sound,
 Yet the strained chord oft breaks in the rebound.
 The notes are sweetest when the lyre is strung
 By some light finger ; if the hand is flung
 Too boldly o'er the chord, it makes us start,
 But softer strains will penetrate the heart.
 One soothing word, one sweet expression throws
 A mantle o'er the heart that's wrung by woes.
 Love is a plant nurtured by Hope and Fear,
 And lovers' quarrels but the more endear.
 In woman 'tis the heart-spring, and becomes
 The sweet Religion of domestic home.

But once assured a heart is all our own,
 The voice lacks something of its silvery tone ;
 'Tis not to say—Go, waste your love in sighs,
 And only tell your passion by your eyes—
 'Tis not to say the heart must never swell,
 But oh how light a word will break the spell !
 One frigid glance, some little idle jest,
 Altho' the lips belie the swelling breast,
 Some measured tone, some long-forgotten strain,
 Will send the heart's blood flying to the brain.
 The false Italian wove the chamber scene,
 And LEONATUS doubted IMOGENE.
 One muttered speech, one whisper half exprest,
 And foul suspicion filled OTHELLO's breast ;
 He wanted FAITH, so when his heart was tried,
 He doubted once, and DESDEMONA died.*

Oh grant us FAITH, for hard it is to trace
 The minds of others in life's anxious race.

* " No : to be once in doubt
 Is—once to be resolved."—OTHELLO.

By our own hearts we weigh the thoughts of men,
 Nor mark the difference of the Now, and Then.
 The sun illumines alike the convict's doom,
 The marriage feast, and lately opened tomb.
 Who by a warm fireside and happy home
 Pictures the wanderer of the Atlantic foam ?
 When sweet repose has lulled our hearts to sleep,
 We soon forget that other bosoms weep ;
 Not that the heart is hard, but man lives on,
 Passing his judgment on the slightest tone ;
 Unskilled to read himself, he 'will still declare
 What others think, and what their feelings are.
 Much in this world must linger unexplained,
 Love is not always false, or passion feigned ;
 To move the heart, the slightest signs have power,
 A word, a glance, a picture, or a flower.
 Full many a heart prejudging has been lost,
 And want of FAITH has left it tempest tossed :
 'Tis ours to trust,—believe a Power above,
 And place our FAITH where we have placed our LOVE.

Howe'er man feel, his heart can never tell
 What 'tis to love, yet speak the word farewell :
 When woman's trusting heart is given to one,
 Who goes forth blithely, all the gift unknown,
 To see him gaily smile, and lightly jest,
 Yet keep the secret cankering in the breast—
 To hear him tell another all his heart,
 And feel how sweet to gain its lightest part—
 To shroud the glance, yet know that he is near,—
 For such the sympathy toward one who is dear.
 The tear may scald, yet must not dim the cheek,
 Tho' the heart break, the lips must never speak.
 Still to love on, when even Hope is gone,
 Mix mid gay crowds, yet always feel alone ;
 One only joy to picture his distress,
 And think how sweet to make that sorrow less,
 How light the task to share his load of pain,
 And soothe his sufferings with affection's strain !

For who shall say that woman can bestow
 No gleam of sunshine on this vale of woe ?

What passion'd heart will not at moments own
 The sacred influence of the well-loved tone,
 A hallowed something, which if it were less,
 E'en truth would lose its spell of loveliness.
 Some heavenly sylph doth float in circles nigh,
 Heightens each charm, and guards her purity,
 Upon her brow a majesty divine
 Bids noblest homage worship at her shrine ;
 So fondly loving, and so sweetly pure,
 Smiling in joy, yet patient to endure ;
 Within the walls of revelry to move
 A joyous form of happiness and love ;
 Or near the bed of ghastly death to glide,
 And mourn, and pray, when none will mourn beside ;
 Watch the pale twilight of the morning's dawn,
 And smooth the pillow of the poor forlorn ;—
 This is true virtue, but 'twere idle now
 To scan the cheek, or watch the glowing brow,
 For who shall say the Godhead's stamp is there,
 When it beams forth in glory everywhere ?

And should she err, as all on earth may err,
 And should she fail, as all on earth may fail,
 Will not each angel breathe a prayer for her,
 And tearful sorrow murmur at her tale?
 Ah ! yes, the purple light of passionate love
 Will almost sanctify a sister's sin,
 Seraphs will murmur from the realms above
 That holy prayer which lets the pardoned in.
 And many a tear of beaming Hope shall flow,
 And many a cheek shall blush with deeper glow,
 And wilder pealing from the enchanted shell
 The deep-toned chords by Mercy tuned shall swell,
 As shadows fall upon the sun-lit hill ;
 Tho' shades have crossed her path—she's woman still.

Oh ! when a woman loves, she loves indeed—
 Hers is no fabled thought, no fancied creed.
 When the low voice of youth's affection's heard,
 Soul, Spirit, Sense, exist but in that word—
 In that alone she breathes, and it supplies
 The fount of life, for when 'tis lost she dies.

E'en to man's breast the want of Love may bring
 The wildest Anguish on the swiftest wing;
 But she, the trusting woman, who has given
 For us all hopes on Earth, perchance in Heaven,
 Alas! by slow, too slow degrees has learn'd
 That bitter fate, which trust has often earn'd—
 From the repose of Love can scarce awaken
 To the dark dreary truth,—that she's Forsaken.

“Forsaken! Oh! 'tis madness! Surely he
 I honoured, loved, believed, is true to me.
 Have we not trod the glade in twilight hour,
 And does not Memory speak in every flower?
 When through the forest paths we used to range,
 Oft has he murmur'd, ‘Loved one, canst thou change?’
 How! change! Why idly pain me; you can tell,
 And every action proves, I love too well.
 Too well—for sure 'tis sin when hope is riven,
 Centred on earthly joys, apart from Heaven.
 Oh! dear one, trifle not; believe me when
 I say my soul is thine, nor doubt again;

Look on this bower, these roses which I rear,
 By thine own hand were train'd and planted here.
 Oft hast thou smiled while gazing on their bloom,
 And said that winter's waste would prove their doom,
 But that thy love each season of the year
 Would bloom with brighter charms if I were near.
 And then my cheek has mantled, and its glow
 Disclosed my inward thought and passion's flow ;
 My heart's convulsive throbs, and bosom's swell,
 Proved more than vows could prove, or words could
 tell.

Oh, how we fondly loved ! It were but pain
 O'er such all maddening joys to muse again.
 For then he laid my glowing cheek to rest,
 And my wild tresses wanton'd o'er his breast !”

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“ Forsaken !” . . . Then the whole
 Deep flood of Sorrow burst upon her soul.

Ah! truly many a lonely year could tell
 How time had flown since last he wept farewell;
 Yet she, in Hope enshrined, would ne'er believe
 That one who loved so well could e'er deceive;
 Had gazed upon his parting gift until
 Tears flow'd apace, and Sorrow work'd its will:
 And her young cheek had lost its early bloom,
 And her young brow was clothed in early gloom.
 Still, still she tried to think—she doubted not—
 Gazed with impassion'd fondness on the spot
 Where last they parted

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“Forsaken!—And she cast her soft blue eye
 On distant Heaven, in silent misery;
 Speechless she stood, but in that sorrowing trance,
 That long-drawn sigh, that deep-impassioned glance;
 There spoke Despair—not that Despair which flings
 A charm around the form to which it clings;

Not that Despair which wakes the modish heart,
But in its wildest throes remembers art.
She stood alone, her tresses unconfined
Fell o'er her form, and wanton'd in the wind ;
The breeze of evening fann'd her pallid cheek,
So softly pale, so eloquently meek.
She did not weep, not e'en one broken sigh
Told her deep tale of utter misery.
For there is grief so great, we scarcely know
How to conceive the full extent of woe ;
Time, which should calm our sorrow, will but prove
How much we have lost, how much we used to love.
At last her grief found utterance, and one cry
Of wild, delirious anguish burst on high ;
The warm and glistening tears began to trace
The lines of sorrow on that lovely face :
Sparkling beneath a ray of pard'ning Heaven,
Each seem'd a token of her sins forgiven.
Loveless she could not live, but she would lie
On the cold earth, and there—unpitied die.

Slow sinks the grief when 'tis our lot to part
 From some loved tenant of the anxious heart ;
 With the last kiss, and last look cast behind,
 Some soft excitement still subdues the mind ;
 But when the heart has time to feel alone,
 And memory can recall each parting tone—
 When thro' the halls the long-accustomed voice
 Is heard no more to gladden and rejoice ;
 Then cold sensations pierce the anguished breast,
 Where shall the shattered spirit seek for rest ?
 Hope's star is lost, Romance throws off the veil,
 The sun beams sadder, and the world grows pale.

'Tis thus with Death ; the truth must oft be said,
 Ere we can feel convinced a friend is dead ;
 Ofttimes we wonder at the vacant place,
 And hope to meet the long familiar face ;

* . . . Nessun maggior dolore
 Che ricordarsi, del tempo felice,
 Nella miseria.—DANTE.

It is so strange that one who smiled but now,
 Should lie with damp dews gathering on his brow :
 'Tis hard to realize the thought of death,
 While budding youth still bears the hue of health.
 Can all the pride of heart, the strength of mind,
 The flow of Fancy, and the wit refined,
 Be but a dream most shadowless ; and he,
 A traveller, in a vast Eternity ?
 But time rolls on, and every well-known spot
 Speaks the same truth, that one we loved is not ;
 The book he read, the lightly-margined note,
 The page turned down which he was wont to quote, —
 These are slight signs, but touch far deeper chords
 Than pulpit eloquence, or forms of words ;
 A dead flower tells the truth in sadder tone
 Than plumed hearse, or monumental stone.*

* Pour nous, mes frères, ouvrons les yeux pour connaître la mort. Quels conseils nous faut-il ? quelles raisons ? quels exemples ? Nous voyons mourir, tous les jours, nos inférieurs, nos égaux, nos maîtres ; nous portons en nous-mêmes une voix et une réponse de mort, et nous sommes aveugles et insensibles, car nous ne pouvons la comprendre. — FLECHIER.

When Castile's sovereign saw her husband fall, ⁽¹¹⁾
 She lit the tapers in the bannered hall ;
 Upon his bier the royal corpse was laid,
 In richest garb and jewelled helm arrayed.
 Full oft she watched the midnight hours away,
 When no unhallowed foot was heard to stray ;
 Gazed on each sunken trait and livid streak
 Which pale decay had furrowed on his cheek ;
 Yet still she deemed him bound in slumber's chain,
 And wildly hoped that he would breathe again.

'Tis weak, but natural, that alone we scan
 With glowing thought, the wild romance of man ;
 Excite our passions, and we heave a sigh,
 But pass unvarnish'd tales unheeded by :
 With eager joy we seek the tragic stage,
 The ranting actor, and the mimic rage ;
 Enraptured hail the climax of despair,
 Portray'd in frenzied mien and raving air.
 The wild romance, the poetry of grief,
 Awakens feeling, and receives relief :

E'en we love sorrows, if to song they cling,
 And sweep their flight upon poetic wing.
 With tearful eye, behold the soft distress,
 When wreath'd in beauty, robed in loveliness.

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But let us change the scene, let us explore
 The haunts where grief and pain by turns implore.
 Seek the lone couch where sickness lays its head,
 And misery's whisper's heard around the dead ;
 Flee from the festive board, the fancied bliss,
 Pause—But a moment pause—o'er spot like this.

Turn from these halls, where pomp and fashion meet,
 To some dark cellar in a narrow street,
 Whose shattered roof admits the pelting rain,
 And cold winds whistle thro' the shattered pane ;
 Where the damp straw is misery's only bed,
 And starving children call aloud for bread ;
 Thro' every chink the whistling eddies stream,
 And the pale rushlight casts its fitful gleam.

On the cold breeze some mirthful notes float by,
 Then mark the haggard mother's anguished sigh !
 " Oh heavens !" she falters forth in frenzied speech,
 " Is this the God of Mercy that ye teach ?
 " Is this your justice, ye avenging skies,
 " *The rich man riots, while the poor man dies !"

For I have left the feast and crowded dance,
 On other scenes, far different scenes, to glance ;
 Have view'd at night full many a fragile form
 Prey'd on by whistling winds and pelting storm,
 Stand trembling near the workman's flickering flame,
 And mock the pity that she dared not claim ;
 Have seen the wild despair, the tearful eye,
 As luxury's minions roll'd in chariots by ;
 Have heard the tatter'd victim mourn her doom,
 Weep o'er her sins, and sigh for early home.

* Take physic, pomp ;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.—KING LEAR.

For what is life to one devoid of home,
 Fated through every scene apart to roam ?
 For what is life, unless Affection bring
 To the loved hearth the daily offering ?
 Unless from childhood's early dawn we love
 'Mid well-known scenes and much-loved spots to rove ?
 Where Recollection folds the troubled wing,
 And rapture lingers where Affections cling ;
 Unless our Household Gods are ever found ⁽¹²⁾
 By Love and Feeling's sweetest garlands bound ?
 Without such joys the happiest fortunes seem
 A mere existence and a misty dream.

Here, where the twilight hour and pensive shade
 Invite our footsteps—here we oft have strayed.
 Here is the purling brook, the flowery dell,
 The rustic copse, we ever loved so well—
 Here, the same tree which many a year has past
 Unhurt, unshaken, wintering many a blast—
 Here it is sweet to think as we have thought,
 To mark how time has changed, how fancy wrought.

Take home away, how dreary is our fate—
No other joys for these can compensate.

But take a nobler, wider range, to this
Much more is owing than unmeaning bliss.
Think ye, descendants idly gaze upon
The noble trophies that their sires have won?—
That glorious ancestry and ancient name
Ne'er wake the soul, or stimulate to fame?
Truly it is to feelings such as these
Britannia owes dominion o'er the seas!—
To this we owe, that on the Southern plain
Our armies strove, and seldom strove in vain!—
By this, remain unchanged, while all else falters,
Our State, our hearths, our sepulchres, our altars! ⁽¹³⁾

Now change the scene, and while the harp is strung,
Turn to that soil where patriot spirits sung.
For MEDITATION flees from Western land
To light on Ida's mount, or Grecian strand.

'Tis not the change of clime, tho' there is given
 A ray of glory from the vault of Heaven :
 'Tis not the magic of Ægean wave,
 Which glows and sparkles near the coral cave.
 No ! though it is the land of dance and song,
 And perfumed Zephyrs waft their strains along,—⁽¹⁴⁾
 Nay, more ; though here stern Freedom nobly stood,
 Her blood-stain'd banners fluttering o'er the flood !—
 Though here the stirring melodies of war
 Clanged through the vale, and echoed from afar !—
 No ! but because we worship ancient lore,
 Would tread where heroes trod, and stand on classic shore.

By the hewn rock and rugged time-worn way,
 Which skirts the shore of Zeitoun's glittering bay,
 We wend our footsteps—This must surely be
 Mount Cæta's height ! and this Thermopylæ !
 Here stood the brave, upon this mountain pass
 There lived,—there breathed,—there died LEONIDAS.
 Where is the Spartan lion, and the tomb ⁽¹⁵⁾
 Of those who sought in death a glorious doom ?

Oh! that has perished on his moss-green stone,
 Where all is silent, desolate, and lone,
 Where two brief lines to passing strangers tell ⁽¹⁶⁾
 How Sparta's sons for Sparta's freedom fell.

Breathes there a man who could with careless eye
 Gaze on such scenes, and pass unheeding by—
 For whom the Spartan's epitaph is vain,
 Who reads it once, nor cares to look again ;
 Who with unthinking steps has trod upon
 Pharsalia's site—the plains of Marathon ?

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Still on the spot where he of Sparta fell,
 The clustering lichens blossom in the dell ;
 The careless shepherd seeks the lonely mound,
 Nor feels he treads on consecrated ground :
 From rock to rock the browsing cattle stray,
 *Where the smooth Sperchio bears the bed of clay ;

* Rura, quæ Liris quæta

Mordet aqua taciturnus annis.—HOR.

See Leake's Northern Greece, page 32, b. 11.

The crested waves still ripple on the shore,
 And the pine forests murmur as before.
 Low was the breeze, and blue the surge that bore
 Ægyptian CADMUS to this olive shore.
 Still sighs the breeze, and still the surges kiss
 Thy rocky bays, immortal Salamis ;
 Nature remains the same in every clime,
 Her Truth and Beauty unimpaired by Time ;
 'Tis the same sunbeam bids the flow'ret bloom
 As shone in splendour on the Spartan's doom.
 What are a thousand years in Nature's span,
 Compared to moments in the life of man ?

Land of sweet dreams, where memory ever roves
 O'er battle plains, thro' academic groves,
 Where glory concentrates her rays divine,
 And pours a flood of light on Freedom's shrine ;
 E'en as before thy magic can impart ⁽¹⁷⁾
 Beauty and grace to every sister art.
 Still wandering MEDITATION loves to stray
 To Parnes' height, and Athens' glittering bay ;

Still dwells Remembrance in each sculptured pile,
And beaming glory sheds as bright a smile ;
No shadows gather round thy deathless name,
Thy light is living, dazzling, and the same.

These are the notes of no forgotten strain,
Such contemplations bid us live again.
If, sweet and sad, the notes of song subdue
The wayward heart, and bid it still be true,
If, near the shrine where clustering ivy grows,
Fond recollections of the past repose,
Then may we hope such themes may yet impart
Fresh inspiration to the drooping heart.
Taught by the past, the energies may soar,
Inhaling patriot breath from classic lore ;
That MEDITATION may arouse the mind,
Not pass away, and leave no Hope behind.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO —.

IF it be pain to see a friend,
In Death's cold mantle shrouded,
When the lips are closed that once did breathe,
And the brow with the damp dews clouded ;
More painful still to mark the eye
That beamed with love grow cold,
And to learn this truth, that faith can die,
Ere the heart that was loved is old.

If only to bless thee in prayer,
And in silence to murmur thy name ;
To meet thee, yet learn to forbear
What language must never proclaim.
Henceforth I am nothing to thee,
It is sinful to mourn for thy sake ;
Like an isle in the midst of the sea,
Where the waves of eternity break.

STANZAS.

TALK not to me of castle wall,
Of burnished roof and bannered hall,
I would give them up, ay, one and all,
For life's young scene,
For one short moment to recall
What I have been.

'Tis pain to feel the heart must sigh,
Yet rouse no tear in Beauty's eye,
To feel the aspiration high,
But not the power
Of telling the tale which will not die,
Like spring flower.

'Tis false to say the greatest pain

Is found in Poverty's sad train.

I have felt it, and I say again,

One inward throe

Works sadder furrow on the brain

Than Fortune's blow.

For not in the sequestered dell,

Where sweetly-scented breezes swell ;

Slow winding down the wooded fell,

Does grief reside ;

But where the battled piles repel

The hoarse world's tide.

'Tis when the night is darkly still,

And the shadows rest upon the hill ;

* When the pine branch waves, and the murmur-
ing rill

Falls through the wood ;

That sad remembrance doth instil

Such tearful mood.

* Qua pinus ingens albaque populus.

et obliquo laborat

Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.—HOR.

A FRAGMENT.

BUT then I gazed on thee, my first, best love,
And my young eyes did drink a light from thine,
Which were cast down as bashful to reprove,
That I should dare to vow at such a shrine ;
While o'er thy breast a roseate hue did glow,
Like sunbeam cast upon the driven snow.

Like the white wing of some becalmed boat,
That languishing doth flap against the mast,
Till o'er the main succeeding ripples float,
And the soft breeze doth fill the sail at last ;
Then bounds the bark while every course is full,
Breasting the sea-foam like an ocean gull.

So is my love the wing of my desire,
 Which listless lay upon my drooping soul,
 Till thy breath, softer than Æolian lyre,
 Bore my hopes forward to a brighter goal ;
 Then stemmed I gallantly the world's hoarse tide,
 And we went gaily onward side by side.

Yet can I not indite a puerile strain,
 And talk of lilies fair in measured flow,
 Thou didst outvision e'en the poet's brain,
 And holiness was stamped upon thy brow.
 Ill can we seek comparison on earth
 For one who seeméd sprung of heavenly birth.

It was the sweetest, holiest thing to see
 Our young love budding with our earliest years,
 And worldlier spirits marvelléd that we
 Should mingle sighs, and sympathize with tears ;
 For we would cast each infant toy away,
 To wander hand in hand the live-long day.

When thou didst smile, a sweet calm soothed my soul,
My heart scarce beat for fear to break the spell ;
When thou didst sigh, such pensive sorrow stole
As proved I loved not wisely, but too well ;
And I could never drink of love my fill,
But gazed upon thy beaming eyes until

My Love became Religion

TO CHLOE.

IMITATED FROM WALLER.

I SANG my love in softest strain,
And tried each flattering art,
But found that lyre and verse were vain
To win thy loyal heart.
Thou bad'st me mount my gallant steed,
And let my soul be free,
That plumed troop and battle field
Might win a smile from thee.

Thy marble breast—thy glowing cheek,
 First taught my heart to love,
 The smile that dimpled on thy lip
 First taught mine own to rove.
 I bound thy kerchief on mine arm,
 And dashed forth to the field ;
 Thy love it was a better charm
 Than helm, or battle shield.

If laurelled wreath entwine my brow,
 And Falkland's voice approve,
 Each deed of arms but testifies
 Th' omnipotence of love.
 The nodding plume and glittering spear
 Can lofty thoughts impart ;
 But gallant is the cavalier
 Who woos a woman's heart ?

SONNET ON M. BERRYER.

“ Le plus grand orateur du monde depuis Mirabeau.”

M. CORMENIN.

“ Tanti nomini quid par Elogium.”

To stand forth as the counsellor of the brave,
 To speak all-conquering words for conquered men,¹
 This is to be most noble, and to gain
 The proudest glory that such heart can crave ;
 Thine be the laurel, thine the Cæsar's crown,
 He swayed the world, but thou hast swayed men's
 minds

²By deathless eloquence ; the patriot finds
 Hope for the TRUE CAUSE in thy great renown,
 The standing column of a fallen throne.

True to thy King, when flatterers turned away,
 For others winning wealth, despised thine own,

These thy Marengos, these the Lodis of thy day,
 So shall thy children's children proudly claim
 Their brightest heritage, to bear a BERRYER's name.

¹ After the battle of Waterloo, M. Berryer pleaded the cause of Marshal Ney, and saved, by his eloquence, the life of General Cambrone.

² “ J'ai parlé avec chaleur, avec beaucoup de chaleur, et vous devez respecter cette chaleur, parce qu'elle est sincère.”

“ J'aurais voulu ajouter encore quelques mots, mais mes forces me trahissent.”

“ Vous voulez gouverner, et vous calomniez le pays.”—SEANCE DU 1^{er} DECEMBRE.

NOTES

TO

MEDITATIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

P. 9, l. 2.

“ And pensive sigh o’er Strafford’s bloody tomb.”

Who can peruse the history of Strafford’s trial and execution, and not feel his cheeks glow with indignation? If we regard the insufficiency of the evidence, and the contradictory and frivolous nature of that which was offered, the absurdity of many of the charges, and the total want of any foundation for the principal one—above all, the *ex-post-facto* law by which his conduct was brought within the penalty of treason, it must be allowed that no man ever fell so cruelly a victim to party-spirit. And, truly, when we consider that weakness of mind, and unsteadiness of disposition, which permitted Charles to sacrifice his best friend, because he conceived his death would stay the tumults then desolating the country; notwithstanding the tears he shed and the remorse he evinced in after-days, it deadens our sympathies for his own melancholy fate; and we can scarcely grieve to find, that in passing the Bill of Attainder he put the steel into the hands of his enemies, which,

in a short time, was to be directed against his own existence. How beautifully did Strafford, in his defence, speak of that bill, by which a new species of treason was declared, and a new description of evidence admitted?

“Where has this species of guilt been so long concealed? Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once to consume me and my children?” * * * *

“If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give warning, the party shall pay me damages; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? where the token by which I should discover it? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, and no human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am now threatened.”

It is singular that Clarendon is not very enthusiastic in his praises of Strafford.

P. 13, l. 9.

*“Of Gaston’s fate, and Francis’ noble grief,
How gallant Muiron died to save his chief.”*

Robertson tells us, that Francis I., when a boy, was frequently seen to weep over the death of Gaston de Foix. Froissart gives a beautiful account of his death.

Muiron perished at Arcola.

P. 13, l. 18.

“To live like Essex, and like Sydney die.”

All lovers of the chivalric and heroic ages mourn the untimely fate of Sir Philip Sydney. The last beautiful event of his life, when dying upon

the plains of Zutphen, is familiar to us from boyhood, and connects his name in our minds with all of gallantry and self-devotion. In common with Sir Walter Raleigh and many other illustrious characters of that age, when the mind seems to have been more elastic, and the faculties more supple than at present, he excelled in the various pursuits of chivalry, diplomacy, and poesy. William, Prince of Orange, described him, when at twenty years of age he was ambassador at Vienna, "as one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of state at that day in Europe." The *Arcadia* and the *Defence of Poesie* are his chief literary works. Heylin says of the former, "It hath many rare contrivances, delectable stories, and all the strains of poesie."

In an old edition of his works, published in 1665, we meet with the following graphic description of the regret his death awakened in England.

"So general was the lamentation at his funeral, that a face thereat might be sooner found without eyes, than without tears; it was accounted a sin for any gentleman to appear at court for many months in light or gaudy apparel; and though a private subject, such solemnities were performed at his interment, that few princes of Christendom have exceeded, if any equalled, the sad remembrance thereof."

And in the same edition we find this pointed epitaph:—

"Dum pulchram Veneris faciam pingebat Apelles,
Docta manus medium destituebat opus;
At si quis Sidnæ suo te carmine pinget.
Destituet primas ars stupefacta modos."

The same melancholy idiosyncrasy tinged the characters of Sydney and Falkland

P. 15, l 14.

"Tasso was crowned upon the bed of death."

This is not strictly true; the triumph was decreed, but Torquato Tasso died suddenly in 1594.

How naturally do we recall Moore's beautiful *Monody* on the death of Sheridan, when we read that the corpse of that poet, who was driven to madness by his wrongs, "lay habited in a magnificent robe, and covered with laurels: it was carried through the city with great pomp, and by torchlight: every one hastened to pay homage to the dead, painters crowded round his bier, all rivalled to do honour to his remains."

Guarini says—

"La morte naturale dell Tasso, a me parebbe piu tosto fine della sua morte mondana, ch' avea sembianza di vita, perch' egli e vissuto poco al desiderio nostro, troppo alle sue miserie, e molto alla sua gloria di poesia."

P. 21, l. 20.

"*With the sad loves of Rosamund and Clare.*"

Who is not familiar with Charles Lamb's simple and beautiful tale of Rosamund Gray?

P. 22, l. 12.

"*And marble breathed at Henry's command.*"

Netley Abbey, formerly called Letley, was founded in the reign of Henry III. by some monks of the Cistercian order. The ruins are most beautiful, covering two acres of ground. It is seldom a visitor is so fortunate as to be enabled to wander among the broken columns and shattered aisles in solitude. It is the great rendezvous for all the Thread-needle-street lovers of scenery, and its classic ground is often covered with *débris* of pic-nics; while the walls are blackened by fires constantly lit for most anti-poetical purposes.

P. 23, l. 15.

"*Cromwell in vain*"

It is almost unnecessary for me to state that I allude to Thomas

Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, who occupied the first place in Henry's favour after the fall of Wolsey. Of the meanest origin, he filled, at different times, nearly all the principal offices of State. It is singular that Burnet, Hallam, Hume, all praise his character; and yet it is certain, during his period of power, he was much hated by all parties. His spoliation of the monasteries cannot be too highly reprobated; and with his life he paid the forfeit for the blindest and most sinful obedience to the King's wishes. It is a remarkable fact, and speaks much for Henry's genius and capacity, that all the most eminent men of the time rose from low stations, and emerged from obscurity under his auspices.

P, 24. l. 1.

*"Such fame is thine as his who sought a tomb,
And lit the pile which shone upon his doom;
And thou our land's Erostratus, for fame,
To dastard spoils bequeathed a dastard name."*

Erostratus, the incendiary, who set fire to the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world. When put to the torture, he confessed he did it to gain a name for posterity. The States General of Asia endeavoured to prevent this by ordering that his name should never be mentioned; but the natural consequence was, that it has been named by all contemporary historians, and has reached even our own time, in full accordance with the wishes of the man who bore it.

"To dastard spoils," &c.

It is Rapin who mentions that the Duke of Somerset, when Protector, built Somerset House with the spoils of the monasteries.

“ For a further supply of stone, timber, lead, and iron, he took down a cloister, two chapels, and a charnel-house, and most part of the church of St. John of Jerusalem, near Smithfield.”—*Stow*, p. 596.

P. 25. l. 12.

“ *But oh, how bright its beam ! That star was More.*”

There are, in my opinion, few passages of history which we peruse with feelings of such desolating sorrow as those which mention the execution of Sir Thomas More. Whether we regard his public or private character, he seems to have attained the highest pitch of moral elevation.

“ More is dead.” says Erasmus, in the accents of despondency,—
 “ More, whose breast was purer than snow—whose genius was excellent above all his nation.” It has been eloquently said of him, “ As a pleader, his exertions were never unapplauded—as a judge, his decisions were never controverted—as a statesman, his counsels were never suspected.”
 Above all,

“ *Non vultus instantis tyranni
 Mente quatit solida.*”

The cruelty of the sovereign did not perish with the breath of his victim, his family were expelled their favourite residence at Chelsea, and the small remnants of an impaired fortune forfeited to the crown.

P. 26, l. 13.

“ *Go, Palinurus, of a distant age.*”

“ *Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat ;
 Qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera servat,*

Exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.
 Hunc ubi vix multâ mæstum cognovit in umbrâ ;
 Sic prior alloquitur : ‘ Quis te, Palinure, Deorum
 Eripuit nobis, medioque sub æquore mersit ?
 Dic, age : namque mihi fallax haud ante repertus,
 Hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo ;
 Qui fore te ponto incolumem, finesque canebat
 Venturum Ausonios : en ! hæc promissa fides est ?

* * * *

‘ Desine fata Deûm flecti sperare precando.
 Sed cape dicta memor, duri solatia casus.
 Nam tua finitimi longè latèque per urbes
 Prodigiiis acti cælestibus, ossa piabunt,
 Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo solennia mittent ;
 Æternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.’ ”

Æneid, vi. 337.

F. 42, l. 1.

“ *When Castile's sovereign saw her husband fall.* ”

“ When Philip died, Joanna continued to watch the dead body of her husband with the same tenderness as if it had been alive, and though at last she permitted it to be buried, she soon removed it from the tomb to her own apartment. There it was laid on a bed of state in a splendid dress, and having heard from some monk a legendary tale of a king who revived after being dead fourteen years, she kept her eyes constantly fixed on the body, waiting for the happy moment of its return to life.”—*Robertson's Charles V.*

P. 45. l. 9.

*“ Unless our household gods are ever found
By Love and Feeling’s sweetest garlands bound.”*

The Lares, or household gods, of the Romans were small waxen images, and were always placed round the hearth in the hall; on festivals they were crowned with garlands.—*Adam’s Roman Antiquities*, p. 261.

P. 46, l. 14.

“ Our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, our altars.”

“ In this choice of an inheritance we have given to our frame of policy the image of a relation in blood, binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties. adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of family affections, keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.”—*Burke’s French Revolution*, p. 41.

P. 47. l. 6.

“ And perfumed zephyrs waft their strains along.”

This is no exaggerated metaphor. Clarke says, speaking of Rhodes, “ Here, as in Cos, every gale is scented with the most powerful fragrance, which is wafted from groves of orange and citron trees.”

P. 47, l. 19.

“Where is the Sparta lion and the tomb.”

“And there,” says Herodotus, “is the tumulus, at the entrance of the defile, where now stands the stone lion to Leonidas.” Nothing remains now but a tumulus, upon which the broken remains of a pedestal rest.

P. 48, l. 3.

“Where two brief lines, to passing strangers tell.”

The lines are—

Ω ξείν' ἄγγειλον Δακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδ' ἐ
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

To Lacedæmon's sons, oh stranger, tell
That here, obedient to their laws, we fell !

P. 49, l. 17.

*“E'en as before thy magic can impart
Beauty and grace to every sister art.”*

Mr. Wordsworth has beautifully and gracefully observed, “There exists not a corner of the civilised world which is not, as it were, breathed on by the air of Attica. Its influence makes itself felt in the thoughts, and shows itself in the speech of men ; and it will never cease to do so. It is not enough to say, that it lives in the inspiration of the poet, in the eloquence of the orator, and in the speculations of the philosopher. Besides this, it exhibits itself in visible shapes ; it is the soul which animates

and informs the most beautiful creations of art. The works of the architect and of the sculptor, in every quarter of the globe, speak of Attica. Of Attica the galleries of the princes and nations are full ; of Attica the temples, and palaces, and libraries. and council-rooms of capital cities, give sensible witness, and will do for ever.

THE END.

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